

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

MAGAZINE



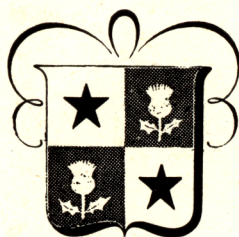
THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

Vol. 21

MARCH, 1948

No. 1.

THE HOUSE



OF PAYNE'S

SUGGESTS

**“A
Good Club Man
is a credit to his club”**

He is a good fellow on every floor of the Club . . . in the pool . . . dining room . . . bar . . . everywhere.

He is popular with staff members. He pays his dues and debts freely, without question. He is a good mixer, quick to praise and slow to criticise.

This is why he IS a good club man, and the club that can count many of his kind of members is a happy club.

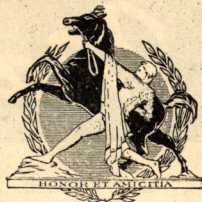
Which reminds me, good club men always know a "good thing" and are ready to share with their fellow members. Watch for the member of your club who offers you a packet of Payne's Seaforth Pastilles, the chewiest, fruitiest of jubes. He's worth knowing. He must be a good club man . . . Nuff Sed!

Payne's
Seaforth
PASTILLES

In Seven Lovely Fruity Flavors

Lemon, Orange, Raspberry, Blackcurrant, Aniseed, Pineapple and Lime

BY THE MANUFACTURERS OF MENTHO-LYPTUS



Established 14th May, 1858.

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EDITORIAL

Looking Over the Thoroughbreds

THERE'S NO GREATER tribute than to say of a man: "He's a thoroughbred." And what is a thoroughbred? Listen and we shall tell.

While the title implies good breeding and, maybe, a proud pedigree, such qualities are in the British people the gifts of inheritance. They are not the property of any class, but articles of common ownership. Whosoever runs the true race, whosoever can win modestly and lose gamely—he's a thoroughbred.

This is the season of the type as seen in the mirror of the A.J.C. carnival and the Royal Show. But the thoroughbred, man or horse, is a thoroughbred in all seasons. Of the man it may be said that he is not an exhibitionist. He doesn't require the stimulation of a band, a gay scene, a great crowd. Any time, and all the time, he may be counted on to do the right thing.

That's a favourite expression of the English, "doing the right thing." Perhaps we are prone occasionally to laugh at it; not contemptuously, good-humouredly. But, again, the English laugh at themselves. That's the mark and the right of a great people. That's the privilege of freedom, to laugh. Hitler had at one stage everything to con-

quer new worlds—everything but the divine gift of laughter.

What has all this to do with thoroughbreds? A great deal; for humour, good humour, is part of a thoroughbred's equipment. He doesn't take himself too seriously; he can recognise virtue in others; he doesn't wish to impose his views on others without a hearing; he hangs on in adversity, steadfast in his convictions; he can be bumped about and pocketed but still come at the finish. Incidentally, you won't find any but the thoroughbred with a finishing run.

We quote finally from the address of the American Ambassador, the Hon. Robert Butler, to the Australian-American Association, as typical of the thoroughbred qualities of his people and ours:

"The American people have learned to know, as never before, the quality of the Australian people and to value its noble contribution to the American character, its courage in war, its attachment to home and State, its love of rural life, its capacity for great affection and genuine emotion, and, above all, its constancy—that virtue above all virtues, without which no people can long be either great or free. The fruit of this vine has flavour not to be found in other gardens."

The Club Man's Diary

BIRTHDAYS

MARCH.

4th Roy Hendy,	15th E. A. Moore
C.M.G.	17th P. Nolan
H. L. Lambert	18th H. R. Leeder
5th F. J. Carberry	22nd Jack Allen
6th A. A. Ritchie	25th J. Broadbent
V. C. Bear	Mark Whitby
10th A. G. Collins	26th J. A. Roles
11th J. H. E. Nathan	M. Frank Albert
14th G. W. Savage	S. Goldberg

APRIL.

5th N. McLeod	13th O. Keyson
W. J. McIver	22nd J. W. Brecken-
6th G. E. Nagel	ridge
8th M. V. Gibson	23rd D. Lotherington
10th K. A. Bennett	24th H. R. McLeod
W. R. Dovey,	25th Hector Reid
K.C.	30th P. T. Kavanagh
12th C. L. Fader	

AN unique family double was created on Anniversary Day when Bayly Payten followed in the footsteps of his father, Tom Payten, who trained the first four winners at Flemington on March 3rd, 1888—sixty years ago.

Son Bayly trained four winners at Randwick, namely: Steady, Smooth Action, Crusader and Indarra.

This is a record probably never equalled in Australian turf history. The late Tom Payten's winners were:

March 3, 1888, V.R.C. Autumn Meeting:—

Essendon Stakes: Hon. J. White's Carlyon, by Chester (Hales).

Ascot Vale Stakes: Hon. J. White's Volley, by Musket (Hales).

St. Leger: Hon. J. White's Abercorn, by Chester (Hales).

Newmarket Handicap: Hon. J. White's Cranbrook, 3 y., by Chester, 8.12 (Hales).

They were the first four races on a six race programme.

* * *

PERCY C. BASCHE, owner of the three-year-old, Captivate, a recent winner, said that he intended keeping this Golden Sovereign—Gloriole filly for the stud. Her dam was by Heroic from Gloaming's sister.

* * *

WHAT has Bartram got more than Treloar? A nerveless approach to—or, perhaps, emotional detachment from—proceedings, as McKenley noted. Moment of great

est tension, on the mark, finds him as composed—outwardly, at any rate—as if he were about to undertake a trial run. The fair, crinkly-haired Victorian registers the reaction neither of victory nor defeat. He's glowless and showless; yet a great runner with the unmistakable look of one.

* * *

PRANCING into the news again after 11 years was Bianco, Mussolini's milk-white steed (writes the London correspondent of Sydney "Sunday Telegraph"). Pictures had shown Il Duce with awkward hands, toes pointed downward, a poor horseman, but they had given good views of the Fascist chin and beautiful Bianco. Down the roads of Rome recently clattered a calvacade advertising a film. At its head was Bianco, looking rather older. He shied outside the brand new Communist headquarters, reared, refused to trot round the Piazza Venezia, past the notorious balcony. Grinned Bianco's new owner: "Bianco remembers his awful past. Once in politics is enough for any horse."

* * *

E. H. FARRAR, M.L.C., President of the Legislative Council, quotes cricket history; Charlie Turner ("The Demon Bowler") called me to his home in Manly before he died and said: "I have left it in my will that you shall have first pick from my bowling trophies; but I would like you to make your choice now." I chose the ball with which Turner had taken 9 wickets for 15 runs off 17 overs against an English XI during the 1888 English tour of the Australians. Turner then said: "Ernie, I want you to accept the ball from the hand that bowled it."

* * *

JACK DEXTER, at a display by Olympians in our Pool, introduced the Victorian girl, Marjorie McQuade (13) as "the swimming sensation of Australia." Harry Hay, who had his three nominees in Boyd, Burke and Agnew chosen, said: "Marjorie is an outstanding swimmer."

DENISE SPENCER'S duck dive from the start—that is, a flat landing on the stomach—caused middle-agers clustered round the club's pool to squirm. They were consoled by the belief that even Denise—say, 20 years' hence—might have reason to pause on the brink, and ponder.

* * *

Arnold Tancred, Manager of the Wallabies, wrote from London to a member of his family.

WE were the guests of the directors of White City Dog Racing Coy. The programme started at 2 p.m. and, with a break for dinner, ran through till 11 p.m. We arrived at 6.30 p.m., had dinner in a glassed-in portion of one of the stands.

From our position we could see the start and finish of the race and the tote indicators. A tote attendant placed bets for us, so that we were able leisurely to complete our meal and enjoy the racing at the same time.

Presentation of the racing itself was done in a businesslike manner. A fanfare of trumpets heralded the entry of the dogs to the track. Each dog was lead by an attendant, neatly dressed in a long white coat. They paraded once round the track before placing the dogs in the starting boxes.

Tote sub-stations seemed plentiful in the stands. Of course, the bookmakers were on deck. A small number of legalised tick-tackers were operating, much to the amusement of us all. They, too, were dressed in long white coats and gloves. They stood on platforms signalling from one betting enclosure to another.

* * *

WE regret to record the passing of the following members since last issue.

McGILL, Q. (Tony)
Elected 23/5/1927.
Died 14/2/1948.

McEVILLY, A.
Elected 17/9/1900.
died 27/2/1948.



Royal Randwick is a busy place round Easter Time each year, and 1948 programme starts on March 20 with six meetings in a row. Scene shows a typical crowd in the Paddock.

AUSTRALIAN EARNINGS.... CHICKEN FEED

Compared with prominent American horsemen, earnings of Australian jockeys is chickenfeed, but almost daily racing is not the order in this country and stakes contrast sharply with U.S.A. handout where events worth 100,000 dols. (£33,000) are not infrequent.

AMERICAN season begins January 1, and so frequent are meetings that leading jockeys find it a necessity to travel by air to fulfil engagements. Some fixtures extend over a month and it is no wonder the riders make big money. A few run their own planes.

One such is Johnny Longden, whose name is familiar to Australian racegoers as he has consistently figured in the headlines where major events and big money are concerned. He has a plane of his own also a ranch, but how he manages to find time to supervise a ranch seems puzzling.

Leading horseman for the season

recently concluded, he piloted 316 winners, a recent time record. In 1906 Walter Miller made U.S.A.'s best figures, 388 wins from 1,384 mounts—a remarkably fine average.

Longden, English born and aged 37, has won upwards of 2,900 races. Gordon Richards, England's great horseman, has piloted upwards of 3,500 winners. Longden is reputed to earn 100,000 dollars (£33,000) per year, yet he still attends the tracks at 6 o'clock each morning to assist with the gallops. He's a hustler. One afternoon at Bay Meadows he rode six winners. Next morning he flew off in his private plane to Agua Caliente and piloted

three more. He likes to get his mounts to the front and stay there, a plan followed by most American jockeys.

Australians who in recent months have seen American racing feel confident that Darby Munro, Jack Thompson, Billy Cook, and others of our leading horsemen would give an excellent account of themselves against America's best. They would also quickly get into the big money. It is surprising some of Australia's leading horsemen haven't tried themselves out in this direction. After all, it is a matter only of a few days' flying from Sydney to U.S.A.

Mainly About Dogs and Dollars

English sporting authority Bernard McElwaine writes interestingly on "Mobile Units" and prospects for the future—especially in the dog world.

ALTHOUGH I normally avoid a preoccupation with horseflesh, unless I see it on a plate, I couldn't help but notice some recent figures on the earnings of American nags.

For example, a horse called Assault won, in a single season 424,195 dollars—that's £106,000. Then a four-legged mint named Armed, in return for a few sacks of oats, brought its owner £142,200. It seems to me that if Hugh Dalton had a couple of mobile gold mines like these we would get out of our present empty-money-bagged dilemma.

Now a long time back I suggested that we could get cracking on a "dogs for dollars" basis, meaning that owners like Fred Trevillion who breed English greyhounds should sell their stocks to Americans. Eventually cautious cablegrams were sent to British breeders dangling out dollar bait. Fred Trevillion, of course, owner of "Trev's Perfection," '47 Derby winner has had most of the offers.

At the moment the interested parties include the Ministry of Agriculture, many dog owners, and particularly George Colby Solomon from Massachusetts—which, for the benefit of readers unfamiliar with the works of J. P. Marquand, is in the Eastern United States.

George told me that the quarantine laws are a little puzzling. The Yanks will welcome dogs, and in fact strew their paths with dog biscuits, but the knock comes in when the British owner wants to bring his dog home. The regulations say that the returning dog must go into isolation for six months. Well, well, a racing greyhound in quarantine earns no cocoanuts for anybody.

Anyway, Fred Trevillion is going over to the States this month to see what things are like. He isn't taking any doggies with him. That will come later, if at all. But as George Solomon tells me: "If an English dog comes over and leaves our native product standing still, well, why worry about getting the dog home."

I will explain Solomon's background just in case he gets confused with boxing promoters or pianists. His mother was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and her people came from County Galway. He was a Lieutenant in the Marines and met up with the American greyhound impresario Russ Murray while on demob leave in Florida. In appearance he looks like a sawn-off Frank Sinatra—i.e., he is around the 5ft. 9in. mark, compared to the droopy crooner's 6ft. plus. George is 34, and an ex-baseball pitcher from the House of David baseball team.

Now for a few facts about American greyhound racing. In Massachusetts the State allows 200 nights racing each year which the tracks split up into 50 consecutive nights (no Sundays) each. Admission is two-bits, i.e., 1s., but the minimum bet accepted is 10s. There are no bookies, only the Tote, and the State takes a fixed percentage. They race eight dogs—instead of our six—and pay out for first, second and third—ten races per night.

Our visiting greyhound enthusiast thinks the racing standard over here is pretty high. "Mighty fine," in fact. But he wants to see our dogs run against the American product. "We got a dog called 'Flashy Sir' who does the 550 yards in 31.40, and, believe me, that's not walking backwards." No, George, it isn't, not on a medium-sized track like New Cross (best time 32.26) or Clapton (best time 31.80). But at West Ham "Flashy Sir" would be pelted with old dog licenses, for the best time there is 30.87. But we'll know more about the Yankee tracks when Fred Trevillion comes back home.

As for our quarantine regulations, well, let our dogs have their day, and the dollars as well.

In Hollywood, a Hays office censor phoned a studio official about some stills showing a girl in a rather revealing costume. "They're okay if that's an evening gown," said the censor, "but if it's a nightgown, the picture's out!"

Advertising Does Not Always Pay

HUNDREDS of people have visited the fourteenth century Old Post Office, property of the National Trust at Tintagel (Eng.) this year.

Scores thought fit to scribble their names on the walls.

Looking them over it was found that many of the visitors had left not merely their names but had been kind enough to add their addresses.

They took a list of them. And yesterday letters went out from the National Trust headquarters, 42, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1, to a sample twelve. They were informed:

(1) That the writing of names was a gross breach of the National Trust by-laws;

(2) It constituted damage under the Malicious Damage Act;

(3) They could either pay 5/- towards the cost of repainting the walls or face a possible prosecution.

Last night the first telephone apologies and promises to pay were already coming in.

A Trust official commented: "It is the first time we have taken such action. If others guilty will also pay up we shall be highly obliged."

* * *

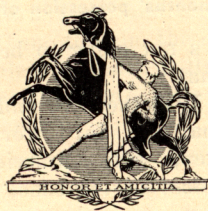
LONDON'S prize garden has been grown on a site which three years ago was a ruin of bricks and rubble, smashed and scattered by bombs.

Today it has almost as many varieties of flowers as are to be found in a seedsman's catalogue, heavily laden tomato plants, fruit trees, and the greenest lawn in the capital.

Ten hens are caged in one corner, and the best of the bricks that once littered the site have helped to build the greenhouse.

This is the garden that has won for Mr. and Mrs. Hale, of Walter Street, Bethal Green, a challenge cup offered by Queen Mary for the best garden to a prefab. house in the 19 London boroughs.

Mr. Hale, 37-year-old mains repairer of the Metropolitan Water Board, spent only £1 on his garden, most of it on seeds.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB
157 ELIZABETH STREET,
SYDNEY.

Members are reminded that a Special General Meeting of Members will be held in the Club Room on Wednesday, the Seventeenth day of March, 1948, at 8 p.m., for the purpose of considering and, if thought fit, passing the amendments to Rules 12, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 32, 33, 34, 35, 48, 50, 55, 57 and 90, and adopting the new Rule in accordance with the proposals set forth in pages 2, 3, and 4 of the Notice of Meeting.

By Order of the Committee,
T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

23rd February, 1948.

1948 Is Not Australia's Davis Cup Year

By JIM RUSSELL.

Pretty soon Australia will be sending yet another tennis team abroad in quest of the elusive Davis Cup. And, naturally enough, nearly everyone thinks our team will win its way once more through all matches and gain the right to challenge America for a twelve months' possession of the nearly fifty year old trophy.



Dinny Pails, former Australian Champion, is now a professional in U.S.A.

BUT it's not going to be as simple as that.

Since 1938 the U.S. and Australia have battled for world tennis supremacy, with America edging us out most of the time.

When we won the Cup in '39 it was chiefly because Donald Budge had just turned pro., and, in the normal course of events, we could say that Jack Kramer's deserting the amateurs would have given us a good winning chance for 1948.

But, with Kramer, went our own national champion Dinny Pails which acted somewhat in the way of a counterbalance.

At least America still had Ted Schroeder and Frank Parker around whom a team can be built, supported, if needs be, by a great crop of junior players.

Australia hasn't even got John Bromwich, this year, and must look to 36 years old Adrian Quist to lead

the 1948 attack, supported by Billy Sidwell, Geoff Brown and the junior, Frank Sedgeman.

Possibly, Colin Long may be sent, but I doubt it.

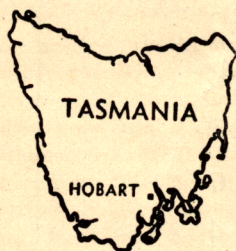
Without wishing to appear over-pessimistic I visualise the possibility of Australia not even reaching the Challenge Round this year.

If that happens we can look to Czechoslovakia or Sweden to do the dirty on us in the Interzone Final.

Our singles line-up will most likely be No. 1 Quist, No. 2 Brown, while the doubles combination could be either Brown-Sidwell or Quist-Sidwell.

Challenging in the American Zone once again our potential opponents could be any two or three of the following nations: Canada, Mexico, Cuba, or the Phillipines.

So we can be assured of a fairly safe trip to the Interzone final.



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NEARLY OPPOSITE GENERAL POST OFFICE

That's where our real troubles will start.

Two nations stand out as a real threat to Australia. They are Sweden and Czechoslovakia.

Any European nation that beats either of those two countries while fully represented will have raised their standard so surprisingly as to constitute an even greater obstacle to overcome, but that is not likely.

Sweden offers the greater danger providing that Lennart Bergelin, lanky blonde stylist, makes a return to the game this year. He dropped out of serious tennis in 1947 after he discovered he was suf-

fering from diabetes, but latest reports say he's fighting fit and eager to mix it with the champions.

His No. 2 man is Torsten Johanssen, stock little wildcat, who never admits defeat till he's back in the dressing room.

As a doubles team I saw this pair take Bill Talbert and Gardnar Mulloy, U.S. National Doubles Champions at the time, to five sets in the 1946 Interzone Final at Forest Hills, New York, and if we happen to meet Sweden in 1948, they have a good chance of beating any pair we nominate.

The singles will rest largely on Adrian Quist's ability to retain his recent form, and knowing his keenness to shine and his recently developed maturity of play, it will be an even money bet that Quist can hold his two singles. But only even money.

Geoff Brown, carrying our other singles assignment will have the

advantage of having met and defeated the Swedes in 1946 at Wimbledon and in Europe, but again there is doubt as to whether he has progressed or slipped since then.

Czechoslovakia should not be so hard to turn back, and as I do not look to them to win the European Zone (unless Sweden's Bergelin is out of commission) little need be said of them.

Like Australia was for so many years, Czechoslovakia is basically a one-man team. He is Jaroslav Drobny, bespectacled and stockily built ace player, considered to be No. 1 man of Europe.

However, Drobny's support, Vladimir Cernik, is not strong enough in either doubles or singles to defeat Sweden's or Australia's stars.

But, in any case, assuming that we do reach the Challenge Round, our chances of taking the Davis Cup from America are slight.

Ted Schroeder, who must now be considered World's No. 1 Amateur, will undoubtedly break up both Quist and Brown with his attacking game.

I believe America will give its No. 2 Singles assignment to Frank Parker, 33 years old "veteran."

Like Quist, Parker has kept himself in fine physical shape, and in the absence of Bromwich from Australia's team, can be relied to win both his singles matches with the most mechanically accurate game in tennis to-day.

I saw Parker beat Quist in the 1939 Challenge Round when Adrian was playing better tennis than he is

now, and, in my opinion, Parker has improved since then.

What of the doubles?

Both countries are in the same boat in not having an outstanding pair. Quist, as captain, will no doubt experiment with many combinations, but he will finally have to make a decision as to the advisability of pairing another player with himself and he being required to play three matches on three consecutive days, or use Sidwell and Brown as a team.

If he decides to play in the doubles, Sidwell will be the likely choice as partner.

Both are left court players, but Sidwell can adapt his game to the right court. He has done so many times when required.

There you would have two of the greatest doubles players in the world, side by side. But whether Quist is prepared to gamble so much on his ability to stand up to three consecutive days' play is another matter. I believe he will.

I think America will give Schroeder that task, too, trying, meanwhile to get a left-court player for him to replace Kramer.

Parker may even fill that spot, also, making America a two-man team again.

Only other prospect is Gardnar Mulloy, a really great doubles player, but, in any case, America's intentions will be shown in the pairing for the U.S. National Doubles Championships which precede the playing of the Challenge Round.

The U.S. has a number of promising young men. Ricardo Gonzales, Jim Brink, Bob Falkenbury, Tom Brown, Eddie Moylan and Vic Seixas are some of them, but I think the old dependables, Schroeder, Parker and Mulloy, with possibly Bill Talbert thrown in for good measure, will eventually make the team.

Maybe one or two of the younger fry will be nominated for experience.

But whatever the disposition of the teams, if Australia reaches the Challenge Round against America, be prepared for a 5-0 or 4-1 defeat for our men.

This just isn't going to be Australia's Davis Cup year.



Blocks
by
courtesy
"Smith's
Weekly."

CINDERELLA IN CRICKET BOOTS

Cinderella Western Australia came to town—in studded cricket boots—and Cinderella hooked her Prince Charming Sheffield Shield, whisking him safely away home before the clock struck midnight and the magic spell faded. But whether they will live happily ever afterwards remains to be seen.

PLAYING only four matches, and those against State sides without Test players, Western Australia did not have a true test.

Not that their performance wasn't a good one. Far from that.

It is possible that, in a first Sheffield tour, on probation, mental hazards were a handicap compensating for the advantage of meeting the eastern States at less than full strength.

And, on the only comparison available—matches against the touring Indians—the West did sufficiently well.

But still, next season will show how the boys from the Golden West measure up on normal conditions.

Three things they showed—courage, keenness and the ability to pick up all possible runs between wickets.

New South Wales' running between the wickets suffered badly by comparison.

Courage was shown when the team fought back in every match.

Although beaten outright by New South Wales, the West Australians were by no means disgraced.

Time after time a courageous stand followed a batting slump—and that is where the points come from to win the Shield.

And as for keenness—well it is a West Australian tradition.

In their huge State thousands of miles away on the other side of the

Continent, the West Australians have been practically isolated from Australian sport.

But they are probably keener followers than their eastern States cousins.

In the burning inland, red clay grounds, without a blade of grass, with uninviting concrete strips blazing under the sun in temperatures of well over 100 degrees, see enthusiasts playing at every opportunity.

In the south-west timber country every clearing has its ground, sometimes on a sloping hillside—but a ground, where healthy bush kids and old men, hefty timber hewers and office clerks respond to the lure of cricket.

And in Perth itself there are a number of good turf wickets. On almost every ground, every day of the week there is a game of some kind—social clubs, teams from industrial firms, fire brigades, police, schools.

And do they know their cricket!!

Performances, styles and peculiarities of eastern States and English cricketers since the game's beginnings are commonplace of discussion.

From every quarter they come to Perth for the big game. Farmers plan their holiday to coincide with the appearance of the visitors at the "Wacker" (Western Australian Cricket Association's ground).

Miners from far inland, squatters from the north-west, cow-cookies from the green south-west—all find their way to Perth.

Country week is a cricketing gala. Teams from all over the State compete—and their standard is high.

In 1940, Tambellup (Great Southern) and

Kalgoorlie played off the Country Week final.

Two players made centuries—two boys.

Those boys helped W.A. win this year's Sheffield Shield.

Wally Langdon, of Kalgoorlie, was then 16. At 24, although war years robbed him of opportunities, he is a class batsman, who four times during the season came to light with a solid score when Western Australia had run into trouble.

The other century maker, Morgan Herbert, of Tambellup, bowled so well against the Indians last year that he was chosen for the Australian XI match in Sydney.

The team had its enthusiastic followers to Sydney and Brisbane.

No. 1 was Len Bolton, M.L.C., president of the W.A.C.A.

Len, a cricketer himself, and father of a competent grade batsman, offered a "fiver" for any player who took five wickets or made a century.

When iron man Charlie Puckett took the four wickets which had fallen when N.S.W. declared with four down, Len reasoned things out.

"Four out of four is better than five out of ten," he said, and handed Charlie the fiver.

Len got rid of his fiver for a century in Brisbane, when Dave Watt scored one of the best centuries seen on the 'Gabbra.

A newspaperman accompanying the team said of Watt in Sydney: "If he gets going, they'll see all the shots and some of his own."

Brisbane saw them—and rejoiced.

Most enthusiastic of the travelling supporters, perhaps, was Alec Robinson, father of batsman George Robinson, a young doctor, who plays in glasses and bats with great correctness but plenty of vigour.

Alec was a class batsman in his own right. When the first turf wicket was laid down at Kalgoorlie in the early 'twenties—in a burst of glorious enthusiasm after a visit by Armstrong's XI—Alec opened for

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his side, took the first ball bowled on the new wicket, and carried his bat for a century.

Two more wickets were put down at Kalgoorlie—and Alec made a century in the first game on each.

Alec represented the State at Australian Rules football.

Son George captained the Perth "Rules" team which visited Sydney last year.

Manager of the W.A. side was Dick Bryant, who captained Western Australia on a Sydney tour in the early twenties.

That was when fast bowler Ron Halcombe was repeatedly "no-balled" because of a doubtful action.

Halcombe was the man who broke Englishman George Geary's nose with a rising ball in the first match of the English 1921 tour.

A broken arm which had set slightly bent, combined with an exaggerated wrist action, made his delivery look like a throw.

Lord Mayor of Perth Totterdell

was another travelling supporter. He promised a civic reception if the 1948 cricket team brought back the Sheffield Shield.

The enthusiasm which brings supporters on a 5,000 mile trip is the enthusiasm which won the Shield. It is the enthusiasm which built turf wickets in Kalgoorlie, where all water is pumped 350 miles, it is the enthusiasm which engaged Arthur Richardson as coach in the twenties, which engaged Keith Carmody as coach in 1947-8, and which will bring the West Australian standard—doubtful as it might be at the moment—right to the top.

Many people have regretted that there is no West Australian in the team for England.

There couldn't have been. Batsmen were not consistent enough.

The team was strong because when one man failed another made runs, but Australian selectors could not possibly have selected them.

As for the bowlers, Puckett was

outstanding—but Charlie is in his 30's.

But the West will have Test players—and before long.

With limited opportunities, she has produced champions in all sports.

Billy Read, swimmer and cyclist, Percy Oliver, backstroke champion, Dorothy Green, Decima Norman, "Busher" Jones, Australian Rules champions galore, and some really good horses—Eurythmic, Second Wind, Manolive, Easingwold, Maple, Blue Spec, Sydney James, Maikai.

And there are a couple knocking at the door at the moment for Olympic selection—Jack Winter (high jump), Shirley Strickland (hurdler) and Dr. Charlie Green (hurdles), and Keith Pix represented Australia in the amateur golfing team that toured N.Z. last year. Not to mention Walter Lindrum and Bob Marshall, of billiards fame.

The West will come good. She has a sporting tradition.

SWIMMING POOL SPLASHES

McCamley Takes the Lot

STAR of the swimming month was Arthur McCamley, who won two events and was second in another to win the February Point Score.

At that he had little to spare from Bruce Chiene who, in his second month in the Pool races, collected a first and two seconds to end up only two points astern of Arthur.

We "dips our lid" to McCamley, who has been one of the most enthusiastic of our swimmers yet had missed out on the monthly trophies until last month. Arthur thoroughly deserved his very popular win.

The season's Point Score has undergone a change, McCamley deposing previous leader Clive Hoole from the lead by $5\frac{1}{2}$ points, whilst Murphy and "Pete" Hunter are only two points further astern. Sid Lorking and Jack Shaffran have also moved up well and will have to be watched by the top men.

Welcomed back during the month was George McGilvray, who reckon-

ed he rated a longer handicap but couldn't get away with it when the Handicapper sighted his bronzed torso.

New starters were S. Kaaten, S. Mather and P. E. Gunton. The last-named won a heat at his first attempt but lost his chance in the final when he fell in at the start.

The Hill family has been well in the news, our ex-chairman, W. W., having been elected to the Presidency of the N.S.W. Amateur Swimming Association, and son, Peter, landing a race or two and ending up third in the Point Score. There's always been an argument between father and son as to who is the faster swimmer. When told of Peter's wins, poppa reckoned there must be something wrong with the judges, and any way, if junior did so well then he'd be a real club champion.

Results:—

40 Yards Handicap, 3rd Feb.—
B. Chiene (23) 1, D. B. Hunter (25) 2, P. Hill (22) and S. Lorking (22) 3. Time, 22-1/5 secs.

80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap, 10th February.—A. McCamley & C. Chatterton (52) 1, D. B. Hunter and T. H. English (51) 2, S. B. Solomon and P. Lindsay (52) 3. Time, 51 secs.

40 Yards Handicap, 17th February —A. McCamley (27) 1, P. Lindsay (25) 2, B. Chiene (22) 3. Time, 26-3/5 secs.

80 Yards Brace Relay Handicap, 24th February.—J. Shaffran and P. Hill (46) 1, B. Chiene and A. McCamley (49) 2, P. E. Gunton and S. Lorking (47) 3. Time, 44-2/5 secs.

February Point Score.—A. McCamley, 26½ points, 1; B. Chiene, 24, 2; P. Hill, 22½, 3; D. B. Hunter, 22, 4; S. Lorking, 20½, 5; P. Lindsay, 20, 6; T. H. English, 16½, 7; C. Chatterton, 15, 8; J. Shaffran, C. Hoole, and K. Hunter, 14, 9; N. P. Murphy, 13, 12; S. Murray, 12, 13; H. E. Davis, 11, 14.

1947-1948 Point Score.—Leaders to date are: A. McCamley 75½, C. Hoole 70, N. P. Murphy and K. Hunter 68, S. Lorking 65½, J. Shaffran 62, T. H. English 61½, P. Lind-

say 58, S. Murray 56, A. K. Webber 55, S. Chatterton 54, P. Hill 51½, H. E. Davis 38, D. Wilson 34, V. Richards and G. Carr 32½, S. B. Solomon 32, B. Chiene 31.

Introducing Thomas Alva Edison at a dinner, the toastmaster mentioned his many inventions, dwelling at length on the talking machine. The aged inventor then rose to his feet, smiled and said gently: "I thank the gentleman for his kind remarks, but I must insist upon a correction. God invented the talking machine. I only invented the first one that can be shut off."

* * *

One cold night a man with reputedly poor eyesight was driving a friend home. The frost was thick on the windows, and after a couple of near accidents the friend tactfully suggested that it might help if they cleaned off the windshield.

"What's the use?" the driver replied. "I left my glasses at home."

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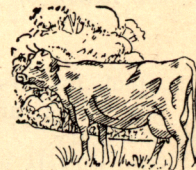
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SECOND PRIZE	- - - - -	Trophy valued £50
THIRD PRIZE	- - - - -	Trophy valued £20
FOURTH PRIZE	- - - - -	Trophy valued £10

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# Grand Snooker Tournament

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Semi-Finals and Finals best Two out of Three Games.

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|--------------|-----------|--------------------|
| FIRST PRIZE  | - - - - - | Trophy valued £100 |
| SECOND PRIZE | - - - - - | Trophy valued £50  |
| THIRD PRIZE  | - - - - - | Trophy valued £20  |
| FOURTH PRIZE | - - - - - | Trophy valued £10  |

~~~~~

The above Tournaments will commence on

MONDAY, 19th APRIL, 1948

and will be played in the Club Room on the Standard Table.

ENTRIES CLOSE AT 4 P.M. ON MONDAY, 15th MARCH, 1948.

HANDICAPS, 22nd MARCH; Draw, 31st MARCH.

Entrance Fee for each Tournament, 10/-, to be paid at time of nomination.

To be played under latest Revised Rules. Only one bye allowed. Fresh draw after each round. The Committee reserve the right to re-handicap any player at any stage of either Tournament. Three days' notice will be given to play, or forfeit.

Any member unable to play at or before the time appointed, or such other time as the Billiards Sub-Committee may appoint, shall forfeit to his opponent.

No practice or exhibition game will be allowed on the Tournament table during the progress of the Tournaments.

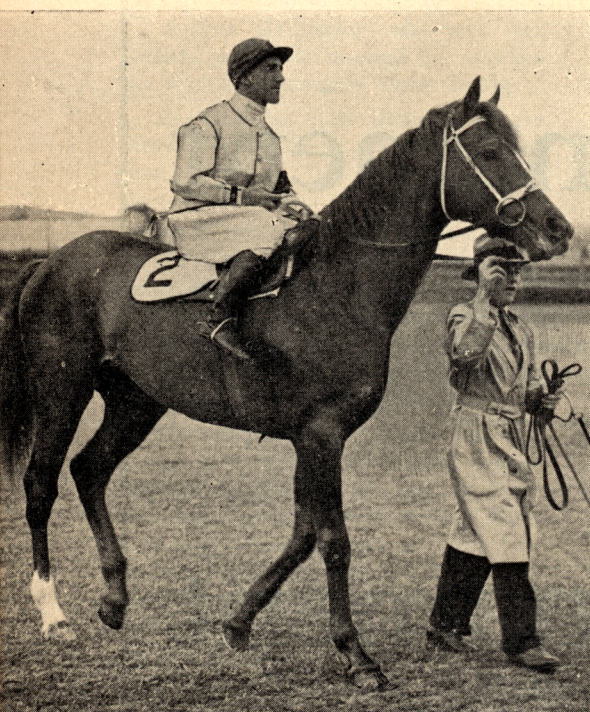
The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the time for taking entries and declaration of handicaps.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.

N.B.—ENTRIES CLOSE at 4 p.m. on MONDAY, 15th MARCH, 1948.

THERE'S A FORTUNE FOR YOU

—if your judgment is good



Ajax.



Pbar Lap.

For close on half a century sportsmen from all parts of Australia have journeyed to Sydney for the yearling sales, held each Easter at the famous sale premises, "Newmarket". The first yearling catalogue submitted by William Inglis & Son Pty. Ltd., alone, was in 1906, and contained particulars of 176 yearlings.

SINCE that year, the number offered has steadily increased culminating this year with an Australasian record number of yearlings, 672. An eloquent testimony of the success associated with these sales, both from a buyer's and seller's viewpoint.

Outstanding performers sold as yearlings at "Newmarket" include Heroic, Manfred, Amounis, Windbag, Spearfelt, Eurythmic, Dark Felt, Shannon, Velocity, Buzalong, Dashing Cavalier, Feminist, Loquacious, Veiled Threat, Craigie, Carry On, Old Rowley, Johnnie Jason, Marauder, Reading, Talking, Valicare, Chatham, Winooka, Murray Stream, Magnificent, Katanga, Proctor, Flight, Money Moon, Victory Lad, the brilliant two-year-olds Riptide and Newborough and many other high-class winners.

The large number of highly-bred yearlings to be sold this year provide a wide choice for those in quest of youngsters likely to develop into good gallopers.

An number of the stud drafts are already stabled at "Newmarket" and it is generally agreed that they represent the best crop of young thoroughbred stock ever submitted at auction in this country.

Practically all leading and well-recommended sires are represented and in addition the first stock of eight new sires will be offered. They are the importations Whirlaway, School-Tie and English Edition, also Tidemark, got in England, and the Australian bred sires Katanga, Precept, Majesty and The Jeep.

Whirlaway is a son of unbeaten Bahram, winner of the Derby and St. Leger.

School-Tie is by the Derby winner, Felstead, from the Tetratema family.

English Edition, a good performer in England, is grandson of Felstead from a daughter of Gainsborough.

Tidemark, a good winner, is by

Wychwood Abbot, from the Chel-andry family.

Katanga, a son of The Buzzard, was a great weight-for-age performer.

Precept won the V.R.C. Derby and is by Peter Pan, winner of the V.R.C. Melbourne Cup, twice.

The Jeep, by Manitoba, is a brother to Zonda.

Majesty, a good two-year-old performer, is by Golden Sovereign.

Sale days are 30th March, 1st, 2nd and 5th April.

NIZAMI WIPES OUT PREJUDICE

Until quite Recently Australian owners exhibited strong prejudice to grey gallopers, but Nizami (imp.) has been a big influence in wiping out that ill-founded antagonism. After all, results count in racing and colour of the horse is secondary.

MR. F. W. HUGHES, one of Australia's most prosperous turf men, owns Nizami and several of his successful progeny, including Hiraji and Nizam's Ring which have been very much in the news this season.

Mr. Hughes paid several thousands of pounds for Nizami yearlings at this year's New Zealand sales, securing most of the high-priced Nizami's, including the Dawning Light colt for 3,500 gns.

Nizami, according to an official Dominion compilation, easily topped the averages and aggregates, at that auction, his average being 1,247 gns. from the sale of 13 youngsters for 16,210 gns.

It was the last offering of Nizami's New Zealand bred youngsters in a Dominion sale ring. The grey won't be represented in this year's Randwick catalogue, but there will be keen competition for his progeny when they are next paraded.

Obviously, Hiraji's Melbourne Cup victory sent prices along for his yearlings, but success of progeny other than Hiraji also had an influence on buyers. Twelve months ago, Nizami's average was 827 gns.

Nearco Topped Sires' List in England

Nearco, Italian-bred son of Pharos, probably gave most English studmasters a jolt when he headed England's 1947 sires' list, and became first foreign importation to achieve such distinction. However, he has been in England several years now, and a great racehorse, he seemed destined for a successful stud career.

FOALD in 1935 Nearco is a brown horse by Pharos from Nogara by Havresac II, bred by Capt. Fred-erico Tesio in Italy but now the property of a syndicate headed by Martin Benson, better known to many turf followers as "Duggie Stewart".

An American touch is that Nearco's third dam, Sibola, was bred by Pierre Lorillard, at his Rancocas Farm, now owned by William Helis, a name prominently associated with racing in the States.

Nearco was unbeaten as a race-

horse. That figure contrasted sharply with this year's average, but Foxbridge's returns were even more striking. His progeny again sold well, but he wasn't as strongly represented as in prior years, and his 10 yearlings realised 7,910 gns., an average of 791 compared with 2,021 gns. for 1947.

Seven imported sires topped list of averages.

Ruthless, represented for the first time, being second in the table with an average of 827 gns. for 13 yearlings. This sire is interesting to Australian racing men as he comes from same family as Midstream (imp.), located at Percy Miller's "Kia-ora" stud, Scone (N.S.W.), and sire of Shannon.

Ruthless' stock looked the part as they walked round the sale ring and buyers were not slow to note that this new sire is one of Hyperion's sons.

Hyperion is a big name in breeding. He was five times premier English sire. He also won the Derby, St. Leger, and £29,509 in stakes.

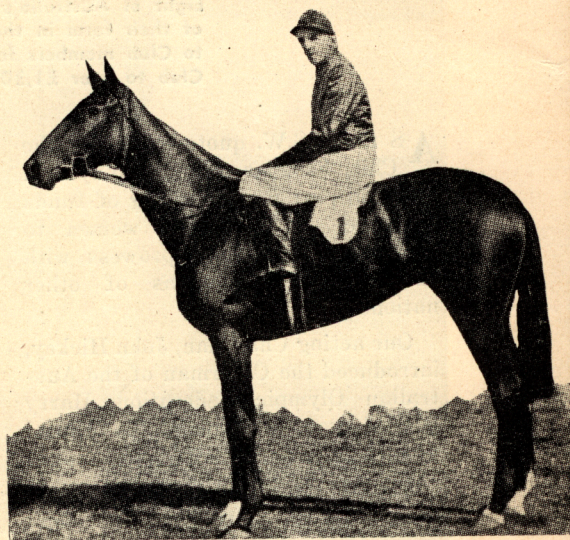
Dam of Ruthless, Correa, was got by Coronach (now in New Zealand) from Ranai by Rabelais.

Ruthless is a half-brother to Gaekwar's Pride, winner of several races in England. He didn't do much racing owing to an injury. He started once at two years, finishing third at Newmarket. Beaten lot included subsequent Derby winner, Ocean Swell.

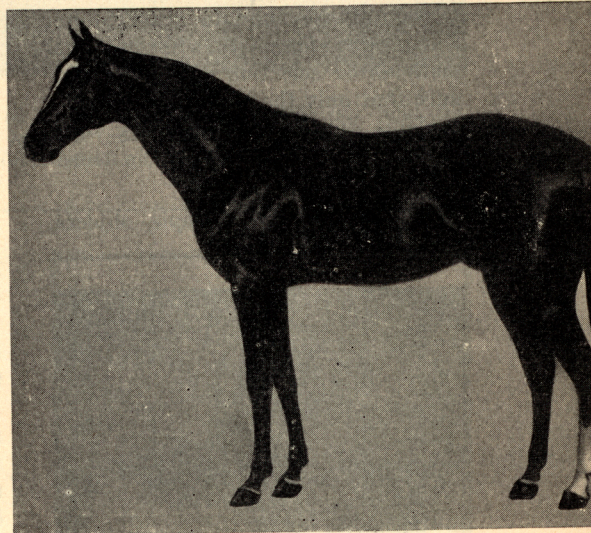
horse, winning 14 events including the Italian Derby, Two Thousand Guineas, Grand Premio di Milano; and in France the Grand Prix de Paris. In addition to being leading sire in England last year, he twice headed the sires' list so far as two-year olds are concerned. One of his best sons Dante won the English Derby and was once beaten in nine starts for £11,990 in stakes. Nearco also sired among many other brilliant horses, Lady Sybil (best English two-year-old filly of her year); Sayajirao (English St. Leger and Irish Derby), Nasrullah, etc.

There could be no disputing that Nearco was best horse ever foaled in Italy, and it seems his name will be carried on for many years to come. Even nearer to Australia three of his sons were represented at the recent sales of thoroughbred yearlings in New Zealand. They were Cimbrone (a brother to Goldsborough), and from the Solario mare Orta; Lord Bobs from Sister Sarah by Abbot's Trace, and Pictavia from Lovely Rosa by Tolgus. Youngsters by these three sires were popular with buyers, and it remains to be seen how the descendants of Nearco shape when time comes round for them to race.

Capt. Tesio acquired Nearco this way. A Spearmint mare (Carbine blood once again), named Catnip, was sold to him for 775 guineas following death of Major Eustace Loder. Catnip was then in foal to Cock-a-Hoop and was taken to Italy where she produced in 1928 to the cover of Havresac II (by Rabelais—Hors Concours by Ajax), the filly Nogara. On being bred to Pharos she produced in 1935 subsequently unbeaten Nearco. His Grand Prix de Paris success was achieved against 17 opponents including Bois Roussel (English Derby winner), Cillas (French Derby winner), Feerie (winner of French 1,000 Gns. and Oaks) and Legend de France, unbeaten prior to that contest. The race is run over 15 furlongs.



Desert Gold.



Carbine.



Gloaming.

Helping Olympics with Open Hand

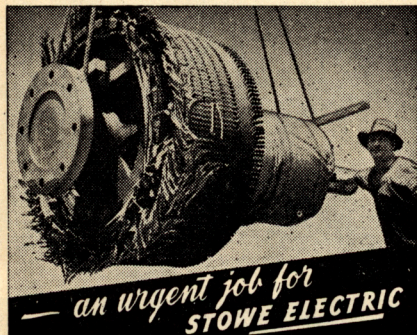
Eight of Australia's swimming nominations for the Olympic Team gave exhibitions of their form in the Pool on Monday, 16th February, as part of successful appeals to Club members for Olympic Funds and brought the total donations by Tattersall's Club to over £1,300. In addition, a further £600 was collected on 19th January from non-members.

AS the N.S.W. quota is £8,500, the Club has, as always, played a splendid part in the raising of funds to send our men and women to London to test their prowess with that of the champions of other nations.

Our acting Chairman, John Hickey, introduced the Chairman of the Australian Olympic Federation, Harry G. Alderson, who made his appeal to members.

Mr. Alderson told the gathering in the Pool that he realised there had been some misunderstandings and criticism over the selection of the Olympic Team, and in order to put that right he explained the real methods of selection that would ensure that only the best of Australia's athletes would be sent away without "passengers," and only the necessary officials.

He outlined the Olympic objects,



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appealed for support and impressively ended his oration with a recitation of "The Sportsman's Prayer."

Tattersall's Swimming Club Secretary, John Dexter, announced the swimmers, who were most enthusiastically received, and also took the opportunity of introducing former Olympians, including Miss Fanny Durack, world's champion swimmer at the Stockholm Games in 1912, Harry Hay and Jack Metcalf, star hop, step and jump artist.

In addition, John Treloar, Australia's No. 1 Olympic sprinting hope, Forbes Carlile, and W. Berge Phillips, nominated coach and manager respectively of the Olympic swimmers, and Professor Frank Cotton, scientific swimming adviser, were introduced through the microphone and loud speakers.

First of the galaxy of stars to appear was Queenslander Nancy Lyons, Australian 220 yards breaststroke champion, whose time in winning was less than a second slower than the national record put up by Claire Dennis, Olympic winner in 1932 at Los Angeles. Nancy swam four laps butterfly stroke, to which she had only changed early this year and then two laps with the orthodox breaststroke with which she won the Australian title in 1946-47.

Four-Lap Exhibitions.

Warren Boyd, the Australian 110 yards champion and first local man to swim 60 sec. for the distance, and Garriek Agnew, of W.A., narrowly defeated by John Marshall in record time in the National quarter, paired in an attractive crawl swim over four laps.

Most versatile swimmer in Australia, Judy Joy Davies, of Victoria, gave four laps backstroke impressively. This lass recently won the Australian 165 yards Medley, 880 yards and 110 yards Backstroke titles, and was second in the 110, 220 and 440 yards. Her winning

backstroke time was less than a second outside the Olympic record.

John Davies, of N.S.W., the lad who had never tried the Butterfly stroke until he saw American Ralph Wright swim it here last season and then, after only a few months' practice, beat Wright's Australian record twice by over two seconds, showed in a four lap trip why he was placed No. 2 on the Olympic list. Davies' time is only 2½ seconds outside the Olympic record and as he is improving all the time he is sure to be knocking at the door in London.

Versatile Bruce Bourke, who swam at last year's Swimming Club Ball, dashed over four laps Backstroke. This lad won the Australian 110 yards Backstroke title and swam just over 60 secs. to be narrowly defeated by Warren Boyd in the free style 110 yards.



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works fast—a few drops and pain disappears—your corn will start to wither up—work loose and then you can lift it out with your fingers, core and all. Buy FROZOL-ICE from the 1st Floor Club Store or any chemist—price 1/6.

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One of the most popular efforts of the afternoon was a freestyle four laps swim by 13 years old Marjorie McQuade, of Victoria, one of the sensations of the recent big meets. Swimming a perfect stroke, this youngster knocked 10 seconds off the National Junior record and also created a record in the 110 yards and is one of the most promising swimmers ever produced in Australia.

Last, but by no means least, was Denise Spencer, of Queensland, winner of the 110, 220, and 440 yards National titles and breaker of the 440 yards records by four seconds. Her record is only three seconds outside the Olympic best.

Altogether the exhibitions were a great success, which was due in no small part to the energy of Club Committeeman Frank Carberry in getting the swimmers together and arranging for the Interstate lasses to stay in Sydney for an extra day to participate.

Additional individual donations to be added to those published in last issue were: Messrs. G. Armstrong £50, J. A. Shaw £50, J. Emanuel £25, A. G. Collins £25, A. J. Naylor £25, J. Norris £25, S. Peters £25, Gordon and Ward Booth £25, Roy Colechin £25, J. W. Large £21, Geo. Ryder £10/10/-, G. Tancred £10, Don Wilson £10, J. McQuade £10, H. H. McIntosh £10, F. R. Allen £5/5/-, M. Nimenski £5/5/-, A. R. McCamley £5/5/-, A. E. Cruttenden £5/5/-, M. J. Gleeson £5/5/-, W. J. McIver £5/5/-, H. W. Smith £5/5/-, Anonymous £5/5/-, H. H. Robinson £5, L. J. O'Sullivan £5, E. E. Davis £5, I. E. Stanford £5, G. M. Webster £5, P. T. Kavanagh £5, C. C. Hoole £5, B. Chiene £5, A. T. M. Whyte £5, A. E. Stutchbury £5, W. Dalley £5, Swimming Club Members £6/11/-.

OUR new cook seemed to be a find. We had agreed on hours, wages and days off. "My husband is very punctual," I said. "But sometimes," I added apologetically, "he brings home unexpected guests for dinner. I would suggest you always be prepared for such an emergency."

"Yes, ma'am," Elinor nodded. "I'll keep my bags packed."



Bruce Bourke, who first gained fame by record times established in our pool, became, on March 3, the first Australian to break one minute for 110 yards freestyle. He clocked 59.7.

THEY say in the ladies' dressing room that one backward girl can handle a dozen forward bosses.

Maybe; but I would put it that one tactless girl can ruin two dozen of the best bosses.

* * *

JOURNALIST Heywood Broun was standing next to a prim old lady at a wedding. "Can you imagine," she whispered as the couple met at the altar, "they've known each other scarcely two weeks, and here they are getting married!"

"Well," said Broun philosophically, "it's one way of getting acquainted." * * *

JUST about the dreariest jokes in the world are the inevitable accounts of drunken husbands trying to sneak into bed without arousing their terrible-tempered wives. One of the better ones, however, concerns the wily party who paused en route in the kitchen and laboriously tied all the pots, pans and trays he could find to a rope. He then proceeded upstairs, dragging the rope behind him, and muttering happily, "She'll never hear me in all this racket."

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PEN PORTRAIT OF PHILIP

INTIMATE portrait of the Duke of Edinburgh, formerly Prince Philip, consort of Princess Elizabeth.

Pale, eight-year-old Prince Philip of Greece was under no illusions. Paris in 1929 was full of exiled princes. Some drove taxis. Others were waiters. At his fashionable school in St. Cloud, Philip was always ready to take on odd jobs like waiting on tables. His mother had warned him that he might as well learn, because he too might end up as a waiter.

A great - great - grandson of Britain's Victoria, Philip Glucksburg was born on the Island of Corfu on June 10, 1921. In 1863 his grandfather, Prince William of Denmark, had become Greece's King George I. Philip was sixth in line to the Greek throne. But a year after Philip's birth, his uncle, King Constantin, was tossed off the throne. Philip, his parents and his sisters became exiles.



THERE isn't a greater thrill than watching the field sweeping around the home turn at Randwick, or playing 18 holes under par, but it's certainly hard on your feet. Just rub a little FROSTENE into those hot, drawn feet and feel the swift, soothing relief—you'll be all set for a festive evening at the Club or a show. Don't worry about it coming off on sheets and linen—Frostene is greaseless and stainless—buy it from the 1st Floor Club Store or any chemist—price 3/-.

Frostene

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With his family, Philip sailed to England, where his mother's father, Prince Louis of Battenberg, had gained fame in the days before World War I as Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty. From then on much of Philip's life was spent visiting relatives. Philip's favourite was his Uncle Dickie Mountbatten (the Battenbergs had Anglicized their German name during World War I).

In 1933 Philip went to a German school at Salem, near the Lake of Constance. Every time he saw a Nazi salute he laughed; his nervous German relatives sent him back to the Mountbattens in London. Philip never learned Greek or Danish, and at Gordonstoun, a public school, near Elgin, Scotland, he became thoroughly British.

Philip's father Prince Andrew, died in Monte Carlo in 1944. His sisters are Margarita, who married Prince Gottfried of Hohenlohe-Langenburg; Theodora, who married the Margrave of Baden; Cecilia, Grand Duchess of Hesse bei Rhein, who was killed with her husband and their two sons in a plane crash in 1937; and Sophie, who married Prince Christopher of Hesse.—Condensed from "Time".

IF all the seas were made of beer
and all the lands were trees,
If banknotes fell instead of rain and
all the grass was gold.
If houses sprouted in the night and
motor cars cost nil
If fowls laid ninety eggs a day and
work was just a crime.
If everybody lived three thousand
years and nine.
If every man had thirty wives and
all of them were dumb.
If diamonds grew like hazel nuts
and cows provided rum.
If cigarettes were three feet long
and chip potatoes barred.
If loaves of bread were thick as
logs and measured by the yard
Ah, well, 'twould be a merry world
but some perverted owl
Some pessimistic blinkin' fool would
find some cause to growl.

—Phillip Gazette.

A man obviously in bad condition from the night before stepped up to a bar and sputtered through trembling lips, "Give—give me something for a hangover."

"What do you want?" asked the bartender.

The sufferer could only blurt: "Tall—cold—and full of gin."

"Sir," snapped a drunk standing next to him, "you are referring to the woman I love!"

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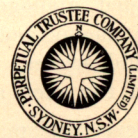
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Scene shows City Bowling Club, which is regarded as the "front door" to the sport in N.S.W. Situate 200 yards from our club premises, many members repair thereto daily for the pleasurable exercise of a game.

SPORTING DOLDRUMS.

IT has happened before. Young people may not remember, but older ones do, how Britain lost all her international sporting contests after the first World War. The Australians beat us at cricket, the Americans and French at boxing. Everyone beat us at tennis and golf. New Zealand beat us at Rugby football. Our athletes, in fact, were thrashed in all fields of sport, and pessimists said we were decadent, finished, all washed up.

Well, the years went by and the British began to win again. In many sports we climbed back on top, and we did it without sacrificing our traditional sporting spirit to the foreign way of looking at games as a grim, highly specialised form of business. To-day we are going through the same sporting doldrums. Even our horses get beaten, let alone our athletes. Don't worry, though, we shall make our usual come-back. There was nothing wrong with British brains, muscles and nerves in the war. A foreigner who, judging by our present form, thinks we are finished in sport is in for some shocks in the next ten years.

—"John Bull."

THERE'S NOTHING ARTIFICIAL ABOUT
Klipplet Ties
PURE SILK OR PURE WOOL

Modern Slant on "Royal and Ancient"

All over the world, with the exception of certain elements in the United States, the Royal and Ancient is regarded as the fount of all golfing wisdom. It commands, with neither subscription nor compulsion, the loyalty of golfers great and small. Its opposite number, the U.S.G.A., though anxious to preserve the same royal and ancient traditions, has not, in the past year or two at least, been able to command the same measure of support.

THE Rules of Golf Committee appointed by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews have been considering some changes proposed by the United States Golf Association (writes Henry Longhurst in the "Sunday Times," England).

There are those who look upon any dabbling with the Rules of Golf as equivalent to tampering with the Constitution. It would appear, however, that they need not in this case be alarmed. On the contrary, much good may emerge from it.

In golf, at least, there can be no denying that money is the root of all evil. The fantastic lengths to which the commercialisation of the game has been carried in the United

States have tended altogether to alter its character—and the outlook of those who play it, in the public eye. Low scores have been the order of the day—low scores at any price. The public has been taught to want them; the promoters of tournaments want to please the public; and the players compete for the cash and favour of the promoters.

To satisfy the craving for commercially profitable low scores, the United States professionals began to ignore the rules of the game. (That is to say, by common consent they "contracted out" of those which they found inconvenient: it is not suggested, of course, that any of them cheated.) The U.S.G.A. seemed powerless in the matter.

The rules state, for instance, that a man may carry no more than fourteen clubs. American professionals carried more than this number. Contrary to the rules, they scarred the faces of their clubs with deep ridges to put "stop" on the ball. They decided to ignore the rule relating to the stymie.

These trivial subterfuges could well have been forgiven. They would in no way have lessened the awe with which we in this country read of lower and lower scores—notably of Byron Nelson, to whom a couple of sixty-eights came to represent an off day—had we not learnt that the American had also decided to ignore the cardinal rule of the game, that "the ball shall be played wherever it lies." They had in fact been teeing the ball up for each stroke ("preferred lies," I understand, is the correct expression) like a couple of lady beginners playing their first tentative round!

From which we learnt that neither the modern American professionals nor the promoters who stage golf tournaments complete with circuses, sideshows, diddler machines and the rest of it, nor the public who

attend these remarkable jamborees, have the remotest conception of what the original game of golf was about.

I was last in the United States ten years ago, and it was easy enough to detect the tendency then. A shrewd observer of the game who returned a few months ago, assures me that the difference between amateur and professional, as we know it, hardly exists in America to-day.

The great majority of entrants for the U.S. amateur championship have their expenses paid either by their clubs or by some commercial or private patron.

A combined front by St. Andrews and the U.S.G.A. could not, of course, restore an appreciation of the meaning of golf (or any other game) to those who never possessed it, but it could do much to strengthen the hands of some of the older school in America who knew the game as it was really worth playing and are anxious to preserve what remnants they may.

Notable among them is Francis Ouimet, hero of the famous triple tie with Harry Vardon and Ted Ray of the 1913 Open Championship at Brookline, Mass. A caddie boy of nineteen, he beat the two masters in the play-off and went on to become the best-loved figure in American golf. His recent appeal to the American professionals to play the game to the rules caused some of them to stop and think.

None of the proposed changes in the rules is fundamental. The most notable is the suggestion that the stymie be ruled out not only, as now, when the intervening ball is within six inches of the player's ball, but also when it is within six inches of the hole. That makes little difference either way and should certainly not prevent St. Andrews and the more conservative elements in the United States achieving their united front.



WIND, sun and strain leave the eyes very sore and bloodshot after an afternoon at the course or links. Just put two drops of Murine in each eye and get quick relief. Murine's seven special ingredients wash away irritation . . . your eyes feel and look refreshed and soothed. Next time you're at the Club Barber Shop ask for a free trial treatment of Murine. . . . Then you're sure to want to buy a bottle from the 1st Floor Store or any chemist—price 3/-.



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News From Abroad

WE cannot recall a crisis in which somebody, or a series of somebodies, hasn't wanted to regulate everybody and everything. The idea is to take us all into "protective captivity," as the diplomats say.

Often it has been tried, and always it has failed, because human nature takes unkindly to eneroachment of the total type.

The slacker is a danger, but not any more so than is the stop-thiser. The slacker wants to have things as they were before the crisis, without incurring any responsibility or observing any obligation. He cannot get away with it.

Alcoholism

Though persons less than 30 years old rarely can be cured of alcoholism, upwards of 60 out of 100 can be helped in middle age. Among

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Australian High Commissioner points out the beauty spots of Buckingham Palace to the "Wallabies" during their recent reception by His Majesty King George VI.

patients who are married and in skilled occupations, the Yale clinics achieved 81.5 per cent. successes at a cost of 60 dollars to 100 dollars. Alcoholics Anonymous sometimes is regarded as having more success than any agency, although it does not suffice for all.

Nobody, though, ever was cured by nagging. Occasionally successful treatment involves psychological conditioning not of the drunken husband, but of his nagging wife.

No remedy is successful unless it seeks out the underlying psychological reasons which prompt the drinking. In a surprising number of cases, the elimination of them will cure alcoholism. One woman's problem was traced to a mother-in-law allergy and cured by eliminating the latter (by fair means).

There is no recorded instance of an alcoholic without a personal problem which caused him to drink. However, alcohol in sufficient quantities supplies its own problem. If you habitually drink excessively, no matter for what reason, you finally will be drinking to escape the woe caused by your drinking.

—Condensed from "Nation's Business" in "The Reader's Digest."

THE common man would no more submit his car to a mercenary accounting than he would enter his mother in a beauty contest. It is his romance, upholstered and on springs. It is his magic carpet, complete with radio and heater. It is his solace: he may be henpecked at home and browbeaten at work, but in the sweet intervals of coming and going he is a god at whose slightest bidding a hundred horses leap forward. He has achieved divinity with a down payment.

* * *

A YOUNG patient at the military hospital had just received a letter. He read it carefully, then sat up in bed and exclaimed: "My wife has just had a daughter! Well, I never!"

Came a quiet voice from the next bed: "But you MUST have!"

* * *

A 200-ton earth roller has been ordered from America by the Australian Works Department for making runways at the Kingsford-Smith Airport, Mascot, Sydney.

The weight of an ordinary road roller is about 10 tons.—"Yorkshire Post."

He Didn't Like My Face

FIFTEEN years ago I was a crime reporter in London. One night I was walking by the Adelphi Theatre in the Strand, when a stocky red-haired man with the sharpest features I have ever seen jumped on me.

Before I knew what was happening, he had given me the worst shellacking of my life. Worse than any I ever got in a short and inglorious career in the prize ring.

The police rescued me. Next day he got three months in the gaol, and was earmarked for deportation to his native Australia.

In vain I tried to find out what he had against me. All he would snarl was, "I'll fix you yet."

Until one night in the old Fred Payne bar in Paris, I entirely forgot the incident. The year was 1935, and I was editing the Paris edition of an American newsreel.

Again as in London, I had no time to defend myself. I remembered that queer-looking face, that flam-

ing red hair. I didn't see the black-jack.

Three days later I came to a painful consciousness in the American Hospital at Neuilly. Red had got away, the police had no clue, and they were not interested. Trouble in Pigalle was an old story to the gendarmes. But I still have the scar on my forehead.

I was worried, I admit. The man was dangerous. Next time he might finish the job.

One night in 1939 I was sitting in the Ruban Bleu, a little night spot on the French Riviera. Most of the clients were professional gamblers or celebrities on a spree.

In my party was a handsome Italian boxer, a blonde millionaire divorcee, and a fabulous White Russian beauty with an Afghan hound, named Dushka.

All at once, it seemed to me, there was a formidable silence in the place. The warm, scented atmosphere suddenly went cold and clammy. Dushka barked. My scar began to throb.

A red-haired, sharp-faced man, stouter now and wearing a white tuxedo, had come in. He halted in front of our table.

I stood up and went into action. Remembering a trick I had learned in the ring, I jabbed at his chin with a straight left, ducked his right swing, and hit him hard with my right. Then I forgot to duck. I was sitting down from a crack on the nose. I shook off the stars and went in again. Red was one of those heavy men who hit hard even if they are flabby. I raised his chin with my left, and put every ounce of my 160 pounds into a hard right to the top of the stomach.

This time he went down, and stayed there. So did I. My legs just buckled under me. Then someone unkindly kicked me on the jaw to make sure I stayed put.

One of my party brought me around. "You're crazy," he reproved. "That is what drink does to a

man. You cannot go round hitting people like that, my friend. He didn't touch you."

I went over to where the red-haired man was sitting behind a flower-decked table. I noticed that his shirt buttons were diamonds. Red must be doing well. "So," I said, trying to grin, "we're quits. I apologise."

He looked at me curiously. I said it again. He shrugged his bull shoulders. His companion, a plump, dark little woman, glittering with diamonds, looked at me angrily and said in French, "Monsieur does not speak English."

"He does," I corrected firmly. "He understood what I said."

She gave me the works, volubly. I gathered he was a Greek, that he had never seen me before in his life. Others chipped in. Sure, the man was Greek. Everyone knew him.



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Australian axemen and sawyers are reckoned among the world's best, and several titles have been won at Sydney's Annual Easter Show. They draw crowded auditoriums, and contestants come from all parts of the Commonwealth.

He was Greek, but he was the living double of my enemy. I told him my story in French. I showed him my scar. He was a good sport. He looked at my boxer friend, and cracked, "If Monsieur has a bodyguard, he should leave such matters to him."

On V-J Day, back in New York City, I went into a bar on Second Avenue with two Navy flyers.

The place was crowded to the windows with noisy, exuberant celebrants. We worked our way to the bar. I raised my glass to my lips. I never got it there. Most of it went over my pal's blouse. I whirled around to see whose fist had capsized my drink.

It was Red, and there was murder in his eyes. Two men he pushed aside to get room went in a heap. Then fists started flying, but fast.

Second Avenue bars have efficient systems for dealing with such incidents. Soon we were sprawled on the sidewalk, with a few innocent bystanders thrown out for good measure.

Red hadn't fared so well. His lip was bleeding, and his collar was torn. But he was full of fight. He came barging in, swinging madly.

Before he could get at me, my buddies had clamped a couple of judo holds on him. They sat him on the sidewalk.

"What's the trouble, bud?" I asked. I knew this was the original Red who had licked me in London and blackjacked me in Paris. "What have I done to you, anyway?"

He didn't speak. His sharp-featured face got purple. He tried to jump at me, and bellowed as the judo holds cracked on his muscles.

Finally he talked. "Walters," he cried, "You're a dirty, low-down, double-crossing rat—you know it."

It took all of us quite a time to convince him that my name was not Walters, and that I had never been to Sydney, Australia, in my life.

"O.K. Digger," he said. "You're not Walters. I made a mistake." He gave me a venomous look. "But I still don't like your face!"

The boys released him warily. Without another word he rolled away downtown with short steps. As he walked he was shadow boxing with short sharp punches, as angry a man as I have ever seen.

I often wonder what Walters did to him.

Panther Parlance

*A mamma panther and her cub
Set out to see the sights;
The kitten wore a pair of pants,
While mother dressed in tights.*

*They started on their promenade
And, paused for tea, were sipping;
The babe about to lose his clothes,
cried:*

"Ma, my panther thlipping!"

* * *

"Joe, you look all in to-day. What's the trouble?"

"Well, I didn't get home until after daylight, and I was just undressing when my wife woke up and said: 'Aren't you getting up pretty early?' Rather than start an argument I just put on my clothes and came down to the office."

* * *

Given the unpleasant task of breaking the news to a woman that her husband had committed suicide, a neighbour went to the widow's house. "I bring you bad news," he said. "Your husband just jumped into the river."

"Oh," sighed the woman, "him and his new fountain pen!"

SPEED LIMITS

THE speediest mammal is the cheetah. It has been known to run at a rate of 70 miles an hour for short distances. The other large cats—leopard, lion, and tiger—are also fast sprinters, but they cannot sustain the pace for long.

After the cheetah, the larger gazelles are runners-up. Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews once chased a herd of Mongolian goitered gazelles in front of his car while the speedometer registered 60 miles per hour. The American prongbucks have been reported to average a speed of 36 miles an hour.

Race horses rarely run the miles much faster than a speed of 35 m.p.h., but Man o' War once ran at 43 m.p.h. for a quarter mile.

The fastest greyhound cannot quite keep up with the best horse, in spite of the great advantage of light weight. Their record rate is 36 m.p.h. Coyotes, which have a reputation throughout their range for speed, rarely reach a rate faster than 30 m.p.h.; and although greater

speeds are reported for foxes, the records are doubtful.

Some animals whose limbs are not proportioned for speed are able to charge with surprising quickness. A rhinoceros has been reported to chase an automobile at 35 m.p.h. down a slight incline; and the wart hog, though short-legged and heavy-bodied, is able to run at 30 m.p.h. The African elephant has been timed with a stop watch at 24 m.p.h. for 120 yards, and it weighs four tons or more. The gangling giraffe gallops at some 32 m.p.h., and a charging bison has been reported to go at the same speed.

Human racers do not come out so well. The world record for an eighth of a mile (starting from rest) is a little over 22 m.p.h. But the sloth and the slow loris (a lemur) are really slow pokes. A sloth hurries at about a half mile per hour, while the natives say that a loris is likely to starve to death going from one food tree to another.

BRIDGE AND D-DAY.

BRIDGE was the favourite hobby famous generals seeking respite from the strain of war. A few days before the epochal invasion of North Africa, General Eisenhower summoned some of his top military brains to headquarters. The three men who rushed to Ike's side were ready for anything. He swept the faces with a look of mock gravity.

"Gentlemen," he said, "be seated—and cut the cards."

As his partner Ike chose the U.S. army's foremost bridge expert, General Alfred Gruenther. His opponents were General Mark Clark and Captain (then Commander) Harry Butcher. With Gruenther on his side, Eisenhower thought the game was in the bag.

But General Clark was emboldened in his bidding by a mention of nearby D-Day which reminded him of the dangers ahead. His devil-may-care approach to Bridge enabled him to make an impossible contract against Gruenther and win the game.

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Can the Boss be Trusted?

Ivy Ivories, author of this saucy story—and who has been around, as they say—answers in the affirmative, on her general experience, the question she has posed: "Can The Boss Be Trusted?" "The great majority of bosses can be trusted," she says, "but there are others, a small section, of which I write this slant on human relationships in the big world of business."

THE JUNIOR GIRL came out of the Boss's room flushed and pouting. She slammed the desk on her notebook, pulled the cover over her machine, and was hurrying toward the room where the girls' hats and other belongings are kept when I waylaid her.

"What's it all about?" I asked soothingly.

As an experienced hand I might have guessed. I had felt the same way in similar circumstances, often. But I had thought it better to adopt a comforting tone to this junior girl. After all, it seemed, at my age and stage, foolish that a girl should walk out on her job probably over a mere incident. She might run up against a similar experience in her next position.

This junior girl had been turned out of her college as an efficient typist. What she hadn't learned was tact which, in our job, is really the art of being blind to the obvious, of being dumb when the suggestion is the simplest.

The junior girl bit her lip as she said with a shake in her voice: "The Boss cannot be trusted."

"What did he do?" I ventured.

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"He didn't do anything," she confessed, but rushed on to add: "It was his suggestion and his smirk that I didn't appreciate. And I didn't like the way he looked through me."

This was a case in which the experienced hand calms the subject first; then talks sense. After all, I was doing only what an experienced hand had done for me in my novice days—put the junior girl wise to the wiles of an office in which the attractive girl's lot may be smooth or difficult according to the degree of discretion she is able to exercise.

The best technique in coming up against the subtleties of the Boss of that sort is to be deaf and dumb always and, occasionally, blind.

Among bosses you meet in the not-to-be-trusted category are the knee-peeper and the looker-down.

Others are content to be gratified by a patting which, if you are wise, you will accept as paternal, when you can't skip away.

Worst of all is the mauler. Best way out of that dilemma is to move right out of his presence; which is to say, move right out of the office.

Compared with the obnoxious handling of the mauler, the manoeuvring of the knee-peeper and the craning of the looker-down are simply equations in the game of counter.

A girl does it not with any show of deliberation or resentment. Either would provide the looker-down with an opening for a jest.

"You can't take my mind off my job," a looker-down once said to me. I didn't pass it off with a laugh or suffer it with a scornful look. I met his innuendo with inanity in my next remark.

The looker-down is a sitting shot for the girl who sets out to bring him to earth. Adjustments made before entering his presence place him at the disadvantage of twisting from left to right in his chair—even rising to reach across in the girl's direction for a paper—in the hope of sneaking a glance. All in vain.

Racing Fixtures

MARCH.

S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 13
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm)	SAT. 20
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting)	SAT. 27
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting)	MON. 29
A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting)	WED.—31

APRIL.

A.J.C. (Autumn Meeting)	SAT. 3
City Tattersall's Club	SAT. 10
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 17
S.T.C. (Canterbury Park)	SAT. 24
Australian Jockey Club	MON. 26

MAY.

S.T.C. (Rosehill)	SAT. 1
Tattersall's Club	SAT. 8

Here the girl gains a complete victory without the embarrassments that arise occasionally in the case of the knee-peeper.

My worst experience was with a mauler. I didn't like the look of things when he called me in to take dictation a few minutes before the staff were due to leave.

Ordinarily there should not be anything sinister in that. His sly action previously had put me on my guard.

Usually I sat opposite him. This time he had placed my chair on his side of the table, almost next to him.

"Don't bother to move the chair," he said, "we shouldn't be long."

We weren't.

Dropping a pencil on the floor, he stooped across and pretended to overbalance; grabbing my knee and squeezing it.

But, as he turned aside, I pressed his buzzer. He was not aware of my having done so, as the buzzer cannot be heard in his room. Judge of his surprise when no other than the girl in charge pushed her ample frame into the doorway.

"Did you ring, sir?" she asked.

"Oh - er - yes," he answered, abashed. "But I didn't notice it was so late. I must leave immediately for an appointment."

Addressing me he added: "That will do miss," and was off, leaving the other girl and me staring awkwardly at one another.

Eventually, she asked: "Who rang?"

"'Twas the Boss," I answered.

"You were fortunate," she said, eyeing me doubtfully. "Another minute and I would have gone."

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A.J.C. ST. LEDGER, £2,000 added One Mile and Three-quarters

SECOND DAY, MONDAY, MARCH 29th

SYDNEY CUP, £8,000 added, and a Gold Cup valued at £250, Two Miles

THIRD DAY, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31st

ALL-AGED STAKES, £2,000 added One Mile
CHAMPAGNE STAKES, £2,000 added Six Furlongs
CUMBERLAND STAKES, £2,000 added One Mile and Three-quarters

FOURTH DAY, SATURDAY, APRIL 3rd

ADRIAN KNOX STAKES, £2,000 added One Mile and a Quarter
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(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

SATURDAY, MAY 8th, 1948

Entries for the following races will be received by the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only, subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

NOVICE HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948; with £1,200 added, to be divided into two divisions if acceptors exceed 27. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize in each division. Should the number of acceptors be less than 28, the Committee reserves to itself the right to run the race in one division and to reduce the added money to £600, second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For horses which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (winner of a Maiden Race, or Mixed Stakes Race as a Maiden horse excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Provided that a winner, at time of starting, of a race or races for two-year-olds not exceeding in the aggregate £750 in value to the winner shall be eligible to compete. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. **ONE MILE.**

TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP

(For Two-Year-Old Colts and Geldings at time of starting.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

JUVENILE STAKES

(For Two-Year-Old Fillies at time of starting.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948; with £700 added. Second horse £140 and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. **SIX FURLONGS.**

FLYING HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. (No allowances for Apprentices.) **SIX FURLONGS.**

THE JAMES BARNES PLATE

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948; with £1,250 added. Second horse £200, and third horse £100 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. (No allowances for Apprentices.) **ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.**

WELTER HANDICAP

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £7 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948; with £700 added. Second horse £140, and third horse £70 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. 7lb. **ONE MILE.**

Entries close before 3 p.m. on TUESDAY, APRIL 27th, 1948

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 3rd May, 1948.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 12 noon on Thursday, 6th May, 1948, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only. The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amounts of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

157 Elizabeth Street, SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.